

KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Copyright, 1914, the Holt-Merrill Company
CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

For some minutes after Kazan's returned senses had become normal he lay motionless watching Sandy McTrigler. Every bone in his body gave him pain. His jaws were sore and bleeding. His upper lip was smashed where the club had fallen. His eyes were almost closed. Several times Sandy came near, much pleased at what he regarded as the good results of the beating. Each time he brought the club. The third time he brought Kazan savagely with it, and the dog snarled and snapped savagely at the end of it. This was what Sandy wanted—it was an old trick of the dog-leader. Instantly he was using the club again, and he was hitting Kazan with it. He was using the protection of the snag to which he was fastened. He could scarcely drag himself. His right forepaw was smashed. His hind quarters sank under him. For a time after this second beating he could not have escaped had he been free. Sandy was in unusually good humor. "I'll take the devil out of you all right," he told Kazan for the 20th time. "There's a little like breathin' to make dogs an' wimmen live up to the mark. A month from now you'll be worth \$200 or I'll skin you alive."

Three or four times before dusk Sandy worked to rouse Kazan's animosity. But there was no longer any desire left in Kazan to fight. His two terrible beatings, and the crushing blow of the bullet against his skull, had made him sick. He lay with his head between his forepaws, his eyes closed, and did not see McTrigler. He paid no attention to the club that was thrown under his nose. He did not know when the last of the sun sank behind the western forests, or when the darkness came. But at last something roused him from his stupor. He saw a light in the distance. It was a light that he dared and sickened him. It came like a call from out of the far past, and he raised his head and listened. Out on the sand McTrigler had built a fire and the man stood in the red glow of it now, and the dark shadows beyond the shore line. He too, was listening. What had roused Kazan came again now—the lost mourning cry of Gray Wolf far out on the plain.

With a white Kazan was on his feet, tugging at the babiche. Sandy snatched up his club and leaped toward him. "Down, you brute!" he commanded. In the freight the club rose and fell with ferocious quickness. When McTrigler returned to the fire he was breathing hard again. He tossed the club beside him and he had spread out for a bed. It was a different looking club now. It was covered with blood and hair.

"Guess that'll take the spirit out of it," he chuckled. "It'll do that—or kill it."

Several times that night Kazan heard Gray Wolf's call. He whined softly in response, fearing the club. He watched the man until the last ember of the fire died out and then cautiously dragged himself from under the snag. Two or three times he tried to stand on his feet, but fell each time. His legs were not broken, but the pain of standing on them was excruciating. He was hot and feverish. All that night he had craved a drink of water. When Sandy crawled out from between his blankets in the early dawn he gave him both meat and water. Kazan drank the water, but would not touch the meat. Sandy regarded the change in him with

satisfaction. By the time the sun was up he had finished his breakfast and was ready to leave. He approached Kazan fearfully now, without the club. Untying the babiche he dragged the dog to the canoe. Kazan stunk in the sand while the caper fastened the end of the hide rope to the stern of the canoe. Sandy grinned. What was about to happen would be fun for him. In the Yukon he had learned how to take the spirit out of dogs.

He pushed off, bow foremost. Bracing himself with his paddle he then began to pull Kazan toward the water. In a few moments Kazan stood with his forefeet flailing in the damp sand at the edge of the stream. For a brief interval Sandy allowed the babiche to fall slack. Then with a sudden powerful pull he jerked Kazan into midstream, swinging it sent the canoe into midstream, swinging it quickly down with the current, and began to paddle enough to keep the babiche taut about his victim's neck. In spite of his sickness and injuries Kazan was now compelled to keep his head above water. In the wash of the canoe and with Sandy's strokes growing steadily stronger, his position became each moment one of increasing torture. At last his shaggy head was pulled completely under water. At others Sandy would wait until he had drifted alongside, and then he would strike with the end of his paddle. He grew weaker. At the end of a half-mile he was drowning. Not until then did Sandy pull him alongside and drag him into the canoe. The dog fell limp and gasping in the bottom. Erased though Sandy's methods had been, they had worked his purpose. In Kazan there was no longer a desire to fight. He no longer struggled for the life that he placed on exhibition, each dog in a specially made cage of his own, and a fever of betting began. Three hundred men, each of whom was paying five dollars to see the battle, viewed the gladiators through the bars of their cages.

Harker's dog was a combination of Great Dane and mastiff, born in the north and bred to the traces. Betting favored him by the odds of two to one. Occasionally it ran three to one. At these odds there was plenty of Kazan money. Those who were in of their money on him were the older wilderness men—men who had spent their lives among dogs, and who knew what the red giant in Kazan's eyes meant. An old Kootenay miner spoke low in another's ear. "For Gawd's sake, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan snarled at all these faces about him. But he brought forward the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage 10 feet square rested on a platform three and a half feet from the floor. Seats for the 300 spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors. It was 8 o'clock when Harker, McTrigler, and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage. The big Dane was already in the

fighting cage. He stood blinking his eyes in the brilliant light of the reflecting lamps. He picked up his ears when he saw Kazan. Kazan did not show his fangs. Neither revealed the expected animosity. It was the first they had seen of each other, and a murmur of disappointment swept the ranks of the 300 men. The Dane remained as motionless as a rock when Kazan was prodded from his cage edge into the fighting cage. He did not leap or snarl.

He regarded Kazan with a dubious questioning pose to his splendid head, and he looked again to the expectant and excited faces of the waiting men. For a few moments Kazan stood stiff-legged, facing the Dane. Then his shoulders drooped, and he cautiously faced the crowd that had expected a fight to the death. A laugh of derision swept through the closely seated rows. Catcalls, jeering taunts, and a chorus of demands for their money back mingled with a tumult of growing discontent. Sandy's face was red with mortification and his eyes were fixed on the Dane's forehead had swollen twice their normal size. He shook his fist in the face of the crowd, and shouted:

"Wait! Give 'em a chance, you dam' fools!"

At his words every voice was stilled. Kazan had turned. He was facing the huge Dane. And the Dane had turned his eyes to Kazan. Cautiously, prepared for a lunge or a sidestep, Kazan advanced a little. The Dane's shoulders bristled. He, too, advanced upon Kazan. Four feet apart they stood rigid. One could have heard a whisper in the room now. Sandy and Harker, standing close to the cage, scarcely breathed. Splendid in every limb and muscle, warriors on a par with the best of the breed, the two half-wolf victims of man stood facing each other. None could see the questioning look in their eyes. None knew Kazan's heart. A thrilling moment the unseen hand of the wonderful Spirit God of the wilderness hovered between them, and that one of its miracles was descending upon them, and understanding. Meeting in the open-rivals in the traces—they would have been rolling in the throes of terrific battle. But here came that mute appeal of brotherhood. In the final moment when only a step separated them, and when men expected to see the first mad lunge, the splendid Dane slowly raised his head to the traces. Kazan's back trembled, and under his breath he cursed. The Dane's throat was open to Kazan. But between the beasts had passed the voice of the wilderness. Kazan did not leap. He turned, and shoulder to shoulder—splendid in their contempt of man—they stood and looked through the bars of their prison into the one of human faces.

A roar burst from the crowd—a roar of anger, of demand, of threat. In his rage Harker drew a revolver and leveled it at the Dane. Kazan's head turned to the roar of a single voice stopped him. "Hold!" it demanded. "Hold—in the name of the law!"

For a moment there was silence. Every face turned in the direction of the voice. Two men stood on chairs behind the last row. One was Sergeant Brokaw, of the Royal Northwest Mounted. It was he who spoke above the rest of our lives. He was thin, with drooping shoulders and a long nose. He was a man, whose physique and hollow cheeks told nothing of the years he had spent close along the raw edge of the Arctic. It was he who spoke now, while the sergeant held up his hand. His voice was low and quiet:

"I'll give the owners \$500 for those dogs," he said.

Every man in the room heard the offer. Harker held up his hand. For an instant his hands were close together.

"They won't fight, and they'll make good teammates," the little man went on.

"I'll give the owners \$500," he said. "Make it six and they're yours."

The little man hesitated. Then he nodded.

"I'll give you \$600," he agreed.

Murmurs of discontent rose throughout the crowd. Harker climbed to the edge of the platform. "We ain't to blame because they wouldn't fight," he shouted, "but if there's any of you small enough to want your money back you can get it as you go out. The dogs ain't on us, that's all. We ain't to blame."

The little man was edging his way between the chairs, accompanied by the sergeant of police. With his pale face close to the bars of the cage he looked at Kazan and the big Dane.

"I guess we'll be good friends," he said, and he spoke so low that only the dogs heard his words.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

he's got the teeth, an' the quickness, an' he'll give a good show before he goes under."

"I'll make you a bet of 25 per cent. of my share that he don't go under," offered Sandy.

"Done!" said the other. "How long before he'll be ready?"

Sandy thought a moment. "Another week," he said. "He won't have his weight before then. A week from today, we'll see. Next Tuesday night, does that suit you, Harker?"

Harker nodded.

"Next Tuesday night," he agreed. Then he added, "I'll make it a half of my share that the Dane kills your wolf-dog."

Sandy took a long look at Kazan. "I'll just take you on that," he said. Then, as he shook Harker's hand, "I don't believe there's a dog between here and the Yukon that can't kill the wolf!"

CHAPTER XXIII.
PROFESSOR MCGILL.

RED GOLD CITY was ripe for a night of relaxation. There had been some gambling, a few fights and enough liquor to create excitement now and then, but the presence of the mounted police had served to keep things unusually tame compared with events a few hundred miles farther north, in the Dawson country. The entertainment proposed by Sandy McTrigler and Jan Harker met with excited favor. The news spread for 20 miles about Red Gold City and there had never been greater excitement in the town than on the afternoon and night of the big fight. This was largely because Kazan and the Dane had been placed on exhibition, each dog in a specially made cage of his own, and a fever of betting began. Three hundred men, each of whom was paying five dollars to see the battle, viewed the gladiators through the bars of their cages.

Harker's dog was a combination of Great Dane and mastiff, born in the north and bred to the traces. Betting favored him by the odds of two to one. Occasionally it ran three to one. At these odds there was plenty of Kazan money. Those who were in of their money on him were the older wilderness men—men who had spent their lives among dogs, and who knew what the red giant in Kazan's eyes meant. An old Kootenay miner spoke low in another's ear. "For Gawd's sake, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan snarled at all these faces about him. But he brought forward the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage 10 feet square rested on a platform three and a half feet from the floor. Seats for the 300 spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors. It was 8 o'clock when Harker, McTrigler, and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage. The big Dane was already in the

HOW MANY WOMEN MUST BE CLASSED AS "WABBLERS"?

Indecision, a Weakness of Both Sexes; and the Evils to Which It Gives Rise

"The Wabblers" is the title of a notable article appearing in a recent issue of The Country Gentleman. It treats of the evil of indecision among both men and women, and has aroused wide comment and discussion. The article is appended. Read it. Are you a "wabbler"? Or, if you are not, can you suggest anything, from your own experience, as a cure for the fatal habit of indecision?



"The Wabby Woman" is a Prey to Her Children."

SOME women shrink from a decision as a child shrinks from a cold bath: They have to be pushed in. Women wabblers, however, are no commoner than men wabblers. The wabblers, whether man or woman, has no place on the farm, where each worker must largely direct himself, where plans have to be made a year in advance and changed overnight if a killing frost comes or some other unforeseen catastrophe happens.

A big department store can supply nearly everything but decisions. It is a real estate trade in to be put through. A real estate man said to me sorrowfully: "I never let the sun go down on a real estate deal if there is any possible way to get all the parties signed up, for if I do, sure as fate, some one will wobble before morning, and the deal will fall through." How many of your acquaintances really know their own minds? Too many people hold their opinions, like the styles, subject to change with the seasons. Their decisions they want other people to make for them.

The habit of indecision grows like any weed. Some learned teachers are a positive curse to the young men and women under their instruction, for the exception is more than the rule. The habit of indecision makes us unable to meet the requirements of an oversophisticated mind, until a vague, misty habit of mind is developed that cannot say plain "Yes" or "No." Arrows marked "No, unqualifiedly," or "Yes, emphatically," are never carried in their quivers.

Sports make us think fast and decide instantaneously. The better faces the pitcher 60 feet away. The ball is hurled at terrific speed; whether it develops into an incurve or an outcurve must be sensed like lightning, and the decision made instantaneously to strike or not to strike. To wobble is to let the ball go by, and that is just the same as to decide definitely not to strike. In tennis, basketball and other competitive games decisions must come as fast as hailstones. Sports do us as much good mentally as they do physically. The best head wins the game; to wobble is to lose. So it is in the game of life.

We women are very apt to be lacking in perspective, mistaking little things for big things; how many of us could make ourselves decide to sacrifice a batch of bread already raised in order to accept a sudden and unexpected invitation to automobile to the city with some friends to hear an address by the Governor or the President? Too many of us would stay by the six or eight loaves of bread, and regret the decision the rest of our lives.

Country people there is apt to be a slow, meditative way of thinking and acting; it may be due to a profound study of all sides of a question or it may be in some cases a sort of bovine disinclination to make a decision. Playing games, riding and driving, automobilism, boxing and wrestling are all mental developers of the highest value.

We should give the girls a chance at these things—some of them, anyway. Dancing and gymnastics for the girls will replace some of the heavier and rougher things a boy ought to be put through. Country mothers should not deceive themselves by thinking their sons well developed physically when they are only strong, heavy lifters, for instance. The country lad has the right to be graceful, speedy and drilled in co-ordination.

The wabby woman is a prey to her children—the more she wabbles the more headstrong they become. They early discover that she does not know her own mind, and so they proceed to make it up for her. Teaching that most parents have their own way to "get rid of them." The mother who says "Yes" or "No" and sticks to her decision is not aggravated by nagging children. One of the very first and most important lessons to teach a youngster is that "no" means "no" and that "yes" means "yes," neither more nor less.

"It makes me almost crazy," I once heard a husband say, "to go shopping with my wife." Knowing her, I knew exactly what the poor man meant. You have seen the wabby woman, wandering from counter to counter, wondering what she wants; when she meets it face to face she would not know it. She appeals to the clerk to help her decide. The more she sees the less idea she has of what she wants, and in time she wabbles back to the thing she saw first and buys it, or perhaps she goes home with it, not knowing what she has bought. The clerk who goes and detest her. One shrewd merchant told me that such a thing only one thing, and try to make them say "Yes" or "No" to that one thing. Put out two patterns and the sale is lost, for the oscillating mind cannot decide on the two. Study the children; burn the indecision out of them. You can do it. I wish every boy in the United States had to have a year of compulsory military drill—no shilly-shallying, but drill; and the guardhouse for laggards. To wobble is to be weak, and to be weak is a sin. One of the Bible commands most often repeated is: "Be strong."

BUDGET EDITOR GETS INTERESTING LETTER

Writer Says Families Make No Provision for Unforeseen Developments

Advice to Budget Contributors

On Monday, January 10, a first prize of \$5, a second of \$3 and two of \$1 each were offered for the most practical household budgets of a \$20-a-week income of a family of five.

The contest is still open, but as many of the letters received are written on both sides of the paper, the Budget Editor must insist that but one side be used.

Contributions should be addressed to the Budget Editor, Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut street. Names will not be published, if such a request is made.

Here is a letter which came to the budget editor, in which our housewives are brought to task for failing to make provisions against the proverbial rainy day.

Referring to the discussion as to how far a family, presumably five persons, can go on a \$20-a-week income: Why don't you start something that would be of real, instead of only academic interest?

The average family, if the father is the only bread-winner, has to pound along on a great deal less than \$20 per week. Many families have an income of \$20 per week has no real problem to solve, so far as bare existence is concerned, and so far as my observation goes the budgeting year to make provision from week to week seems to be the only thing covered.

None of the budgets I have seen makes provision for the unforeseen things, such as loss of income through sickness, lack of work from divers causes, doctor's bills, accidents, etc., etc.

What you might call the overhead, fixed charges, such as rent, clothing, heat, light, life insurance, if any, etc., are fairly stable and can be brought to understandable percentages, but some of the other things are not so easily handled. Facts are stubborn things. The truth of the matter is that a great majority of the families, not of Philadelphia alone, but of other cities, that have an income of \$20 per week has a great deal less than \$20, and a discussion to show how this is done, with actual facts and figures to prove the statements submitted, would be of great and real interest, and solve some problems that are now bringing lines of care and worry to many a mother and father.

There are no doubt many real economies practiced, and if you can induce those who practice them to send them to your paper, they will be of benefit to a large number of people.

To repeat myself: The family having \$20 a week or more has no real problem to solve, but the fellow who has \$15 or less is up against the real thing.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT W. MOTISHER.

Isn't the woman who manages to save on \$20 a week for a family of five "up against the real thing"? Nothing could be more real than supplying food and clothing for five persons, maybe two or three of them husky workers or growing boys. The Budget Editor realizes that this sum is by no means the average, nor is it even the ordinary wage of the day laborer. Twenty dollars was chosen as a starter; other budgets will be considered later.

Fifteen dollars or less per week is still above the average; according to statistics, the average man's wage is something between \$10 and \$12 a week.

Almost without exception, the budgets published during the last week included a provision, varying from 50 cents a week to \$2.00, for what Mr. Motisher calls "unforeseen expenses." Any of these budgets may be taken as an example. One allows for dentures, another for a saving fund, another for periodicals and tobacco and several mention the "real economies" which are so essential to every household. Will some experienced housekeeper tell me how she knows how to handle both salary and the force of circumstances. Let us hear about them.

Legacy for Jean H. St. Cyr
Jean H. St. Cyr, of Yonkers, N. Y., who married the widow of "Silent" Smith, of this city, has received \$24,000 from the estate of his first wife, according to dispatches received today.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children—The other day we had a visitor and we asked the little boy what he was going to be when he grew up, and he said, "I don't know."

Your editor then asked him what his father did and he said that his father was an engineer. I thought, of course, he meant an engineer on a railroad, but instead of that he happened to be a stationary engineer.

A stationary engine is one that does not move, while a locomotive engine is one which moves about on rails or the ground. Now, what is the difference between the two? I mean, can you think of ONE difference?

On a stationary engine is placed a controlling governor, which keeps the engine from going too fast. When a stationary engine is started, it would get to going so fast that it would fly all to pieces. We asked our caller if he knew this and he said he did not.

We asked him what kept a locomotive from going too fast and he did not know that, so, you see, he knew very little about his father's work.

A locomotive is very heavy and the weight of it on the rails keeps it from going too fast and this act of gravity serves as a governor.

The point of all this is that we want you to KNOW about your father's business so that you can talk to him about it.

You may not want to be an engineer, or a silk weaver, or a banker, or a doctor, but you OUGHT to be interested in what YOUR father is doing, because, well—because he is YOUR FATHER.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

A little musician is in our picture gallery this evening. He is Jacob Laginsky, of South 4th street. He practices the violin two hours every day. Besides having a violin, Jacob has a bank account. Whenever he is



J. LAGINSKY, 8, 4TH ST.

HONEST BOY GETS REWARD

Messenger, Who Found \$3000 in Diamonds, Is Showered With Gifts

The honesty of Frank Tabasso, 16 years old, who found a tray of diamonds valued at \$3000 under a radiator in the Wither-spoon Building four months ago, was rewarded today by the St. Ignace Home for Homeless and Unemployed Men from Charles A. Rubican estate, with a \$7000 conveyance from the Pennsylvania Trust Company and \$5000 mortgage to the home. The lot is 40 by 110 feet.

Gingerisms

Judge not a cook by her lovers.

The proof of the pudding is in the gastronomic effect.

Some persons are more than well—they are swollen.

Happy the wooing that's easy undoing.

Economy is sometimes fith. We have known men to reverse their cuffs.

How we advance! Once it was the dist apple; now it requires a diamond necklace.

Wedlock and padlock—what a coincidental symphony!

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I often sit and idly muse
About the woes I've had,
I really rather like
at times
To feel just nobly
sad!

Jungletown Movies

Tommy Firefly wiped the tears out of his eyes and sat very close to Doctor Beetle. It was very dark in the moving picture theatre because Tommy was all wrapped up in the great big leaf.

All at once the crickets began tuning their violins and a light flashed on the screen.

My, such wonderful things as Tommy saw! So many Lady Bugs, so many Doctor Beetles, so many Fireflies little Tommy had never dreamed of. Such wonderful things they did, too! Tommy was so excited when two picture Fireflies were struggling in a little lake that he slipped right out of the leaf.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" every one cried. "Put on that leaf, Tommy Firefly, or you will have to get out."

"Oh, excuse me," said Tommy, as he hurriedly got back into the leaf.

"Here, pin it together with this pin," said Lady Bug, handing Tommy a nice little thorn pin.

"Thank you, dear Lady Bug," said Tommy, as he pinned the leaf coat together.

"You will have to put some back-door buttons on that coat," said Doctor Beetle.

Tommy was excited. Into the bushes came six little Potato Bugs and six Grasshoppers. My! how they would ride! They were jumping

Do You Know This?

1. Tell about a "tea party" that is famous in history. (Five credits.)

2. Make as many words as you can from REVOLUTION. (Five credits.)

3. Mention a part of Philadelphia that was a battleground during the Revolutionary War. (Five credits.)

Members of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club wishing to earn money after school and on Saturdays please write to Farmer Smith, Room 418, Evening Ledger.

If you would see kindness,
Faith and hope and love,
Read the EVENING LEDGER,
Join the Rainbow Club.
Alfred Palmer, Clymer street.

DEPEND ON FAMILY DOCTOR FOR ADVICE ON SPECIALISTS

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

THIS family doctor comes in for his share of abuse from the public rather conspicuously these days of specialization, and though he may deserve much of the criticism heaped upon him, assuredly he does not deserve it all.

Unfortunately, the average patient expects the family physician to divine much of the specialist learns through many routine laboratory tests. Somehow a patient is willing to have any sort of examination or test the specialist suggests, regardless of expense; not so when the family doctor requires such help. Unless the latter can satisfy the patient that the test is likely to disclose important facts relating to his diagnosis and treatment of the condition, it is scarcely tactful to request the patient to have the test made. We have cited instances in this column; any family physician could quote similar instances.

Some one asked us recently to define an "internist." It was a difficult query to answer. An internist is a general practitioner of medicine who can and does persuade all of his patients to undergo whatever scientific tests or examinations he may deem helpful in the diagnosis of the case. Often enough the internist with the aid of his corps of laboratory workers and special assistants, hits upon a diagnosis which has naturally baffled the family doctor. In that event the internist is hailed as a great physician. Had the family doctor been permitted to put the same patient to the expense necessary for such tests as the internist deemed indispensable, well, if this were the rule of practice, we don't think there would be any internists.

Specialism in medicine is a great blessing. But at the same time it is a modern fashion of running around to this and that specialist is doing harm. A good family doctor, one worthy of a patient's confidence, will generally suggest a specialist's services when necessary. The patient, or rather the invalid, who picks his own specialist often picks a lesson—if we may be permitted the expression. As a matter of fact, the better specialist, not the more famous, is the one to go to.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Kindly explain the difference between apoplexy and a stroke of paralysis.

Answer—Apoplexy means hemorrhage into the substance of an organ, usually the brain. A stroke of paralysis is most commonly caused by cerebral apoplexy. Nerve centres in the brain are pressed upon by the blood clot, producing paralysis in certain muscle groups supplied from the damaged centres.

Please tell me something good for poison ivy eruption.

Answer—Use salicylic acid, 1 dram (teaspoonful); glycerin, 1 ounce (tablespoonful); lime water, 1 pint. Pat on often with fingers.

The Recipe
For Deerfoot Farm
sausage calls for the
best of everything.
That's what you pay
for—and what you GET
when you buy Deerfoot
Farm Sausage.

HALLAHAN'S Sale of Smart Boots

\$5.00 Bronze Kid Boots
Buttomed or laced, the latest models; all sizes and widths.

Special \$3.35

\$5.00 Bohemian Boots
High button, fine black kid, Louis heel, walking sole; all sizes in widths A to E.

Special \$3.35

ALSO SOME

\$4.50 to \$6.50 Blue Kid Boots
\$4.50 to \$5.00 Black Kid Boots
\$4.50 to \$6.50 Gun-metal Boots
\$4.50 to \$6.50 Patent Leathers
\$5.50 to \$6.50 Tan Calf Boots

Now \$3.35
At all of our stores.

HALLAHAN'S
919-21 Market Street
Open Saturday Evening
4028-30 Lancaster Ave.
3604-06 Germantown Ave.
40th & Chestnut Sts.
2748-48 Germantown Ave.
Open Every Evening